A Woman's Touch

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by MUNASHIKU

Summary

Raimundo has nightmares. Kimiko wants to end them.

Raimundo was whimpering again. Sometimes he had nightmares that plagued his sleep. She felt bad for him, and sometimes she wished there were a Shen Gong Wu that could strip the bad memories away, even if temporary, just for a night of peaceful sleep.

She never told him about it, but because her room was right next to his, it was something that woke her up just about every time.

With her being the Dragon of Fire, she could hone in on the heat of others. She shifted over on her map so that her body lay closer to the curtain dividing their rooms. She stretched an arm underneath the curtain, her fingers feeling the heat of Raimundo's body even though he wasn't close enough to feel it for a normal person. She kept shifting her body sideways until she was able to feel his blanket.

It was hard to maneuver since her body was already flush with the curtain, but she managed to get her hand underneath the blanket. There, she could feel the rough skin of Raimundo's hand. She gripped his shaking hand, and pulled it closer to her so she wouldn't have so much strain on her arm. She let heat from her hand send warmth through Raimundo. She hoped a familiar heat like that would comfort him. To at least let him know his friends were nearby.

When Raimundo's whimpers died down, Kimiko was able to smile and fall asleep.

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Raimundo woke up to his hand entwined with Kimiko's. He wasn't sure why, but he felt more rested than before. His mother did always say that women had a special touch.

He smiled, rubbing his thumb over Kimiko's soft, pliant hand. Unfortunately, that seemed to wake Kimiko and the hand was snatched back under the curtain.

Maybe Kimiko had nightmares and needed someone nearby to make her feel comfortable. Him being the only monk around her, his hand was easy to access.

He shrugged, and got up to get ready for the day's lessons.

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